WHEN PARIS HEARD THE NEWS OF THE FIGHT

Drawn by Ralph Barton

Until the French saw what kind of an army baseball could produce they were never particularly interested in sports. Now, excepting the German indemnity, they are interested in practically nothing else. Young France may still look a bit awkward in a track suit, but its enthusiasm makes up for this. Stadiums are being built everywhere, and the newspapers, which have no notion of what a "sport page" is like, are beginning to devote columns to athletics. English, the language of sport, is filling conversations. Every one talks of "le golf," "le tennis," "le baseball," "un match qui etait gagne par un uppercut," and, until yesterday, excitedly about the "prochain champion de boxe." Of course the talk can now spend itself on analyzing the various pokes and jabs in the big fight, but the excitement that was heaving all Parisians' bosoms last night as they sat in the cafes along the grands boulevards waiting for the first newsboy to dash out of the first newspaper office waving his poster with the result printed on it, must have been tremendous. It isn't every day that France has a contender for the world's championship in the ring.

PARIS TO GREENWICH VILLAGE

By NINA ESTABROOK

AT GARE ST. LAZARE everything was bustle and excitement. The special boat train that was to carry us from Paris to Cherbourg was puffing on a side track. People were rushing to and fro hunting their special compartments, old Americans and new ones; those returning after a few weeks or months on the other side and those returning to their native land after years of absence.

You could easily pick out the new comers; they wore such beautiful clothes—young women in expensive Paris gowns, very short, and wearing gossamer silk hose in defiance of the chilly, damp morning. Their arms were piled with flowers, the latest magazines and sundry other things indicative of the American dollar which had been converted into the modest franc at a rate to tempt any one to extravagance. Young men in sport clothes of the latest pattern flirted on the platform with their French girl acquaintances who had come to see them off and spent their last moments practicing their latest French phrases. Elderly gentlemen, muffled to the eyes and leaning on expensive walking sticks, were piloted to their specially reserved compartments by obsequious attendants, and all this while pushcarts were being steered in and out among the crowd bringing bread and brioches hot from the baker's, wine and beer, ice and ice cream for the departing guests.

The car men with grimy hands were testing the wheels for the last time, because our train was extra rapid and nothing must be left to chance. Somehow these servitors in their white or blue drill uniforms looked very forlorn and isolated there amuck of that elegant and moneyed crowd. One patissier had forgotten or been too hurried to put on his shoes; he wore yellow heelless slippers that kept dropping off, hampering his movements. But he looked very useful, real and comforting.

A Place for Everybody, Everybody in His Place

After all, there had been no need of scrambling for places. Each person or party had been labeled in advance, and the occupants of each compartment found their names plainly written on a card which hung outside the door of same. Thus a curious person might have read: Mr. So and So and valet; Mrs. or Miss So and So and maid or companion, and a little further along: Mme. Curie, daughters and secretary.

I was one of the prodigals, returning to my native land after years of absence, and, what was more, not having been in intimate touch with innumerable American dollars for some time, was going second class on the ship—my first offense. How I came to be on the first-class boat train—but never mind. It is sweet sometimes to have a little influence, though poor.

A horrible loneliness stole over me. Were these fine people surrounding me really Americans? These fine young gentlemen with a decided society bored look and these haughty young ladies whose maids were industriously cutting the leaves of the latest novels ready for their mistresses should they deign to glance at them later on—were they really Americans? The card of the compartment next mine indicated two Mr. So-and-Sos with their valets. I peeped in to see. Sure enough, there were two rather portly American gentlemen and their two valets, and, what is more, each servant held on his knees a poodle by a string—one the latest thing in Pekingese and the other a Highland terrier. The dogs went second class. I made their acquaintance afterward, on the top deck—ugly little brutes!

It Was Apple-Blossom Time in Normandy

The train rushed us through the lovely Normandy country. The month was May, and every leaf was tenderest green. The streams were full to overflowing and wild flowers were blooming everywhere—primroses, larkspur, hyacinths, fruit trees in full bloom scattering their pink and white petals over the green grass—and not a weed to be seen anywhere. Normandy cows were being milked at noon in order to send in the fragrant milk and grass butter to the greedy Parisians. On the sloping hills, through the thickets of trees, we caught sight of racetracks with barriers and ditches of water for the steeplechasers. This is the great center in France for the breeders of racehorses, and among these many American names figure—Macomber, Gould, Duryea, etc.

Perhaps not a dozen people took any notice as we sped through Bayeux, famous for its wonderful cathedral, one of Ruskin's Seven Lamps, nor gave a thought in the moment we stopped at Caen of William the Conqueror, whose thigh bone, so history tells us, lies buried there.

I could think only of Lucas and Pennell, of how they spent a whole lovely summer walking from village to village, one writing about and the other sketching those historic old places —Walks in Normandy.

Everybody that was anybody of course took tea at Cherbourg while he watched the struggles of everybody else trying to be the first to get their baggage disentangled, their passports stamped and arranging other preliminaries necessary to going on board.

I had a more or less guilty conscience. My passport was marked plainly in red ink: "This passport expires April 19, 1918." I had not been in America since 1915, and this renewal was somewhat out of date. But if any one had suggested that I get vaccinated—a gratuity offered, nay, enforced, so far as second-class passengers were concerned—I should have become an obstructionist and a conscientious objector.

However, nothing disagreeable happened. On the contrary, I was soon to taste the sweets of being a child of the Stars and Stripes, for everywhere we were greeted with the order: "American citizens first!" The English thought that rather tough, as this was an English ship. Afterward I met a drunken American up in the smoking room on board and he said with much satisfaction: 'I've just come from England and when I landed there they said: 'English citizens first.' Now they are getting some of their own sauce."

What's all this nonsense about the ignominy and inconvenience of traveling on the ocean second-class? I had an outside cabin all to myself, big enough to accommodate a whole family. And the food! Such food I had not tasted for some time—ham and eggs, grapefruit, buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, and no end of pies and cakes. There were luxurious sitting rooms, a good library and many lounging rooms. And that ship, oil fed, ran like a greyhound over the waters. The biggest rollers could not unbalance her. She knocked them from her pathway as if they had been ripples on a pond.

Three Meals a Day? Six, if You Please

This was my fourteenth crossing, and never had I enjoyed such a comfortable one. No seasickness for me. I ate regularly and greedily six times a day, to say nothing of consuming the delicious fruit and tea brought to my stateroom every morning. Justice compels me to admit that this was my most expensive voyage—$200 second class. While I have been dawdling, war working and so on in Europe the steamships, as well as the Americans, have been transforming themselves. I, like my passport, have become a back number. To compare modern second class ocean travel on one of these 48,000-ton ocean liners to first class on one of the old 20,000-tonners which be like comparing a rickety farm wagon to the latest thing in automobiles or airplanes.

There is perhaps one drawback to second class travel—er—how shall I say it? The passengers. One gets first impressions from the bulk, and the bulk on our ship was a surprise. I had often seen the "poor" steerage passengers on the lower decks in my frequent other voyages. Well, in bulk we looked about that. And the wonder to me was how we had individually managed to scrape enough money together to make such an expensive trip. We looked the unwashed kind, dark woolen shirts, woolen socks and heelless felt slippers; many mothers with unkempt hair and many helpless little children clinging to their skirts. This was the impression in the bulk.

Afterward I learned that we had many professional people among us, lawyers, doctors, preachers, scientists, students and writers. You know what I mean, brainy people, those who make life worth living, but to whom the problem of living is always the burning question. Ah me! And the ladies and gentlemen in the first class, loaded with more of this world's goods than they know what to do with, and who are seen daily going into business because they are bored with life.

In our second class we had every nationality, least among the number being American citizens. There were several Japanese—one with his wife and a nurse helping with three Japanese tots, for all the world like dolls. And there was a celebrated Hindu Sanskrit scholar, coming to America to delve in our libraries, which he says are particularly rich in Sanskrit lore. He is trying to trace the genealogy of the life of Jesus Christ, to discover the lost link in the years when Christ disappeared, and naturally to establish the relationship with Buddha. There were Russians and Germans and many Italians. Two Italian boys had come all the way from Naples to take this ship. When asked why they did not sail from their native city, they replied that it took too long. Money was evidently no object, despite appearances. This did not prevent their being taken off at Ellis Island, poor, deceived kids!

Passenger's Life on Ship Is Not All Liberty

Wonderful, yet not wonderful, how time passes on a ship! Every day notices, many different notices, were posted up—things the passengers were requested to do. To-day it was a visit, en masse, to be examined by the ship's doctor, though just why was not clear, as all second class passengers were supposed to have gone through with that formality before coming on board and many were already nursing vaccinated arms. However, obedience is the rule on ship, and I started in with the others in line on the wind swept decks. I did not go far, happily, before learning that again my American citizenship protected me. No American citizens were wanted.

I had in mind that expired passport, and every new call found me anxious. To be sure, I had been told twice at the American Consulate that all required of me would be to prove my nationality; that since the French had ceased requiring a *visé* for returning Americans the American authorities no longer required an unexpired passport.

When we received the complicated sheets for custom duties we took several days to ponder over them, and then nine out of ten made them out all wrong, in spite of many consultations. For instance, on many previous voyages I had been listed as a foreign resident. But this time the paper distinctly stated that unless one had officially taken up residence abroad he was still an American resident. This covered my case, and I once more entered the fold as an American resident.

First Rumors of New York Hotels Are Disturbing

Our ship ran so fast at the beginning of the trip that we got in advance of our schedule and might easily have reached port twenty-four hours ahead of time. Then we dawdled, with only one engine running, for a day or two, timing our arrival for Wednesday morning, as per schedule. A morning arrival was insisted upon, on account of the customs and immigration authorities. This seemed rather cruel, but we were comfortable and business became brisk at the bar the last day.

At last the day arrived—the last day on board—and we were notified that 5:30 was the rising hour in order that all should be in readiness for the immigration authorities and the doctors, who would come aboard at 8 o'clock. We were to be landed about 10 o'clock, a pleasant thing to hear for the hundreds who, like myself, did not know where they would pillow their heads on the following night and with wild stories going the rounds as to the extravagance of New York hotels.

The passengers were all punctual, ate a hearty breakfast, paid their tips, each according to his means or fancy, and then began the only real trying time of the journey. The doctor did not come, and he did not come. Seven o'clock, 8, 9—and still no doctor. Finally, something after 10 o'clock, he arrived—a slim, pale young man in a not too fresh suit of khaki. He had had two other ships to visit before us, was the story, and thus 2,000 souls had been kept waiting during the long hours of the morning. "Government," some said. But since the war I thought we were so rich in military doctors. Surely one more might have been found to fill the breach!

Official Welcome at Home, Sweet—As It Were—Home

From that on we were driven about the ship like the lost children of Israel. We were herded into rooms stuffed as tight as a Sixth Avenue streetcar at 6 o'clock—a heterogeneous mass, Jew and Gentile, the black man and the white, the washed and the unwashed. From the stuffy library where we were corralled and where nothing was required of us we were hustled out onto the decks, mothers with their babes in arms and nursing bottles in hand, where the wind was blowing cold—and again nothing happened. Once more we were driven around to the other side of the ship and in through the library again, and out through the opposite door, where those who looked closely could see the khaki-clad doctor standing, laughing and visiting with his friends of the ship, and incidentally clicking some kind of a little counting machine—counting us, they said, for fear any should escape.

But I will take my oath that he could not have told, under the circumstances, how many went through that door, as they crowded as many as could squeeze through at a time. But the rules were being obeyed—that was the only thing that counted. The discomfort and real suffering of the passengers, especially the mothers and children and those who were ill, did not count.

It was now noon, and no sign of landing! The ship very kindly laid us another meal, for which, Thanks! It stove off many a headache. In the middle of this meal, however, the call came that all American citizens were to go up on the next deck to the smoking room. I believed my hour had come. Here I was—up to date, an unpunished criminal, without a vaccination mark and with an expired passport! It occurred to me that possibly the doctor, in clicking that little machine, had vaccinated us all together—me among the rest. That might be one of the new inventions about which I had not heard. If not, I was probably lost. And I began to wonder what they would do with me. They could not very well send me back to France, for I would not be allowed to land there without a passport. Perhaps I would just go on traveling back and forth forevermore. But I made up my mind to assert my American citizenship, which had grown up in me wonderfully since starting on this journey, and if necessary I would sit down on the dock and weep until I got satisfaction.

It was another set of men up in the smoking room and bar—the immigration authorities.

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